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From that fit of insensibility he awoke in another and I hope a better world.

I was now an outcast—a wanderer over the face of the earth. I went forth, wretched and desponding, moralising upon the dreadful lengths to which their love of gold will lead our masters, mankind. "Oh!" thought I, "if we but take a bone from a larder-shelf to satisfy our hunger, how we are abused, sworn at, and flogged! Yet the same man who will punish us for a trifling theft, will not hesitate to wrong or murder his neighbour for a few worthless, perishable pieces of yellow metal. Oh, destiny, how I thank thee, despite my sufferings, that I was not born a man! What sordid, selfish wretches these men are! Their thoughts from morning until night are occupied with speculations intended to promote their own comfort, their own aggrandizement. The dog alone loves his master better than himself, and will lay down his life in his defence. Man is a base, selfish wretch. The dog alone honours and practises generosity uninfluenced by hope of recompense."

I soon afterwards met with another master. For a time he treated me well enough, and but for an untoward accident I might still have remained in his service. While sitting one day peaceably beholding the industry of my new master, who was a turf cutter, I heard at a distance a prodigious clamour as if of a number of dogs engaged in conflict. Being old and peaceably inclined, it occurred to me that I could not do better than hurry to the spot and exert myself to effect a reconciliation. Off therefore I set as fast as my old legs would carry me. Before, however, I arrived at the scene of riot, silence had ensued, and I was about to return, when I perceived a stout-looking man engaged in pelting with huge stones two or three wretched, half-starved looking little dogs, that were endeavouring, howling with pain, to make their escape from his cruel attack. I raised a loud barking, encouraging the dogs in our own language to get out of his way, hoping also that the noise might frighten their assailant, and induce him to desist from his barbarous amusement. I thought that I had succeeded in my design, for the ruffian ran away as fast as he could; but determined to give him a lesson, I resolved to terrify him to the utmost, and so gave chase. Of the result of this encounter I need not inform you, as you are already acquainted with it from the account of the "Man" himself, as published in the 12th number of your Journal. I have, however, in justice to my own character, to state, that it was not cowardice which prevented my biting him, and which induced me to put up with his ducking, &c, without resistance. It was not cowardice—it was the singular resemblance which he bore to my wicked master. That alone saved him from a hearty shaking. But he shall not long escape. No; I am in the daily habit of walking up and down Sackville Street, in hopes of meeting with him, when, old as I am, I shall manage to make my teeth, or rather their stumps, acquainted with his calves.

I could not, on my return to the turf bog, find my master; and as I was on the road to look for him, I met with an old beggarman, who coaxed me over to him, regaled me with a crust, and in short exhibited so kindly a disposition, that, not feeling myself bound to my late owner by similar ties which had linked my destiny with that of him who had rescued me from the horsepond, I resolved I would seek after him no further, but join company with the good-hearted old beggarman—the same, doubtless, so irreverently spoken of by the "Man" in his ill-natured paper—(oh! that I had him by the leg this moment!) I did not, however, remain long with him, for he was taken up by an overfed bloated-looking variety of his species and lodged in prison, for no fault but that involuntary one of being poor; and as I would not be permitted to share his confinement, I wandered forth, and soon met with another master.

Thus going from one to another—now feasting, now enduring the most agonizing hunger, now received with kindness, now with blows—passed away the next five or six years of my superannuated being. I longed to know what had become of my master, ruffian as he was, and my wanderings had for their object the discovery of his abode. For several years I roamed unsuccessfully: no traces of him could I perceive; his ancient haunts had all been abandoned; his former companions unvisited. At length, coming one morning into a country town, I observed an unusual bustle in the streets; great multitudes of people hurrying along; and, what surprised me most, all in one direction. Determined to see what this meant, I followed the stream, and presently came to an

open place, crowded with people of all sorts and sizes. Making my way onward amongst their feet, though not without many a bitter curse and hearty kick, I arrived at a singular wooden erection, like a signpost, with a rope hanging from it, and underneath a cart with three men in it. I uttered a yelp of joy, for in one of the three I recognised my long-lost master! To join him was of course my immediate impulse, and I accordingly sprang into the cart, but was rudely hurled out of it by one of the other men; and ere I could repeat my attempt, the vehicle moved away, the wheel passing over my body, and breaking three of my ribs. I looked again. I saw a human figure swinging in the wind—a single convulsive struggle of the legs, and all was over. It was my master—he died the same death that had been inflicted upon my mother. "Well," thought I, "I shall never again express my wonder that men should be so fond of hanging us, for I now perceive that they likewise hang one another." I was in too great pain from my broken ribs to make my way to the body of my poor master: I strove to crawl as near the post from which it was suspended as I could, and as I lay there I heard an old man say, "Ah, I knew it would be thus: he began with dog-fighting and badger-baiting—'twas but the first step to lead him to the gallows!"

After a while the body of my master was taken down, but I was not suffered to approach it. It was concealed from my sight in a long narrow box, with a black cloth over it, somewhat similar to the one from which in life he used to make me pull the badger. A hole was dug in the ground beneath the post, the box thrown into it, and the earth being shovelled in, falling heavily upon it, recalled me to a sense of my situation, and I went forth once more, a houseless wanderer and an ill-starred cur.

H. D. R.

**HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.**—Commander Castle, R.N., while on service with the preventive squadron in 1828, in command of H.M.S. Medina, captured the Spanish brig El Juan, with 407 slaves on board. It appeared that, owing to a press of sail during the chase, the El Juan had heeled so much as to alarm the negroes, who made a rush to the grating. The crew thought they were attempting to rise, and getting out their arms, they fired upon the wretched slaves through the grating, till all was quiet in the hold. When Captain Castle went on board, the negroes were brought up, one living and one dead shackled together; it was an awful scene of carnage and blood; one mass of human gore. Captain Castle said he never saw anything so horrible in his life. In the year 1831, the Black Joke and Fair Rosamond fell in with the Rapido and Regulo, two slave vessels, off the Bonny river. On perceiving the cruisers they attempted to make their escape up the river; but finding it impracticable, they ran into a creek, and commenced pitching the negroes overboard. The Fair Rosamond came up in time to save 212 slaves out of the Regulo, but before she could secure the other, she had discharged her whole human cargo into the sea. Captain Huntley, who was then in command of the Rosamond, in a letter, remarks—"The scene occasioned by the horrid conduct of the Rapido I am unable to describe; but the dreadful extent to which the human mind is capable of falling was never shown in a more painfully humiliating manner than on this occasion, when, for the mere chance of averting condemnation of property amounting to perhaps 3000*l.*, not less than 250 human beings were hurled into eternity with utter remorselessness."

**HYPOCRISY.**—Hypocrisy is, of all vices, the most hateful to man; because it combines the malice of guilt with the meanness of deception. Of all vices it is the most dangerous; because its whole machinery is constructed on treachery, through the means of confidence, on compounding virtue with vice, on making the noblest qualities of our nature minister to the most profligate purposes of our ruin. It erects a false light where it declares a beacon, and destroys by the very instrument blazoned as a security.

Cant resembles a young wife married to an ancient husband: she weds religion, looking forward to live by his death.

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